

# Good Morning 768

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Money is Bane of Boss "3 A.s"

ATHLETICS of various kinds swimming or cross-country had been practised in Britain since the earliest times, but it is less than a century since the first regular athletic meeting was held. This was at The Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in 1849, and the following year an organised athletic meeting was held at Exeter College, Oxford.

From then on, athletics rapidly increased in popularity and a number of clubs sprang up. During the sixties the two great organisations were the London Athletic Club and the Amateur Athletic Club. They did much good work in organising the sport and working out rules, but the Amateur Athletic Association, which soon became universally known as the A.A.A., or "Three As," came into being largely through the activities of the Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Societies. They were keen that the sport should be kept "clean."

The A.A.A. was formed on April 24, 1880, and has since remained the unchallenged ruler of amateur athletics in Britain although it has no "legal standing."

It standardised the distances and conditions for championship events, but it ignored the "field events" such as javelin, 56lb weight, and hop, step and jump.

In 1910, the Amateur Athletic Association authorised the English Amateur Field Events Association to hold championships in these events which had become increasingly important and popular with the Olympic Games. In 1914, its object accomplished, the E.A.F.E.A. was incorporated in the A.A.A., which held championships in the field events.

Now the Association exercises complete control over British athletics, but not

## SOMETHING ABOUT JAM L. Tel. Maurice Garrard

"HELLO, Maurice. We've come to greet you. Eddie and Sylvia are both on leave. Arthur is expected home to-day. Cathie and Eddie are going to Woodbridge to-day, and Dovercourt tomorrow. Tell your pals we over here are keeping the home fires burning and are anxiously awaiting your return. Won't we have some fun, dear, when the real celebration day comes along?"

"Eddie has just made me a nice wireless set. Have you met Jim or Albert?"

"The family all send their love. My prayers surround you, my son. Love from Mother."

There you are, Leading Telegraphist Maurice Garrard, just as your Mother wrote out the message to go in "Good Morning," when we called at Ideal Dwellings, Henniker-road, Ipswich. We think it a very nice message, too.

Also by the photograph you see why your Mother started off by saying, "We've come to meet you." Surely a very happy family, but you would never guess why they are all laughing. We didn't even say "Smile please!" It was Cathie who started

the hearty laughs by calling out "Wait a minute, I'm kneeling on a stone." Funny how we all laugh when somebody else is kneeling on a stone.

Photograph over, we all trooped back to the house and a chat while Cathie and Eddie got ready for Woodbridge.

Cynthia asks you to note that she is looking at you



# 20 Fathoms Deep Went Smarty's Guns

STUART MARTIN describes a routine job outside New York Harbour

I SAW recently from a New York journal that the city tug-boat Macon had sailed down the harbour and out to sea. She was gone a day, and when she returned the master said it was "just a routine job."

The Macon! I knew her. For the Macon sails down New York harbour and out to sea once every year until she reaches not less than twenty fathoms of water under her keel; and then she dumps a lot of stuff overboard.

THE trip she made in 1934 meant that she took with her (and didn't return with them) 3,150 pistols and revolvers, 467 shot-guns, several Lewis machine-guns, bayonets, blackjacks, lead piping of a "handy" length, a number of fountain-pen pistols, and a hotch-potch lot of other dangerous weapons.

It is the yearly job of the Macon to dump a twelve months' harvest of stuff where it can never be used again. The harvest is the collection taken from gangsters and racketeers and other criminals.

Yet that is only a drop in the bucket of stuff used by "bad men" throughout the States. If you think that gangsterdom is dead, just wait till after this war with Japan is over and see things. They thought they had cleaned-up racketeering at the end of 1932—and then on the first day of 1933 Larry Fay, one of the best of them, was shot to death in his swell night club, Casa Blanca.

I never saw Fay until after he was dead, but I knew a deal about him. News travels. Newspapermen knew so much about him that they never printed a lot. To mention Fay sometimes meant trouble.

He was aged about forty-four when he got the four bullets in him, shot by one of his own henchmen. He had been arrested 49 times, but he always got away with it when it came to the charge in court. They were expecting him to sit on the "hot seat" in Sing Sing; but he never even entered the prison.

Why, Dr. Squires, one of the prison medical men who did the post-mortems, had a "joke" against him that made the inmates of Sing Sing laugh their heads off, and gave yards of copy to the newspapers. It was on the day that a bomb was planted near the J. P. Morgan offices in Wall Street, when over 30 people were killed by the explosion.

Dr. Squires got out of it by saying that he would apply to

the insurance company first and see if they would cover the loss.

And the gang that had been so willing to oblige was run by Larry Fay. He had business instinct, had Fay. He came into the racketeer business by way of prohibition. He was a big chap, with a long horse-jaw and huge teeth. He had a mind like a cesspool and a tongue that was a sewer. He excelled in foul language when occasion demanded.

His first money was made by bootlegging; then he stretched out. He left bootlegging and stepped into Broadway one day—and stayed. He was smooth when he wanted to be. His taste in shirts was a little peculiar—he wore indigo ones, with flaring ties that yelled to the skies. His finger-nails were always polished by good manicurists.

To those people he liked he was cordial, free with money, very obliging. He started Texas Guinan in the night club business, then stepped into it himself. Next he opened with a fleet of taxi-cabs that out-rivalled every other fleet in New York City. He had his own manufacturing plant, and if any rivals muscled-in, they muscled-out quick, or were eliminated. Larry stood no nonsense. He put so many gadgets into his cabs that it was a treat to ride in one. New types of horns, lights, windows, nickel handles and bonnets. They looked good, and they were good. But no rivals.

Then he went into the milk business. He ran the New York Milk Chain Association, and for that he was indicted on charges of conspiracy to obtain a monopoly of the milk trade; and the milk trade in New York is a vast affair.

It was reported that he made 800,000 dollars a year in tribute from small traders whom he "protected." He protected every small trader he could persuade to accept his protection; and nobody dared refuse. Fay's gang had methods of collecting dues.

They had "pineapples," filled with black powder, dynamite and nitro-glycerine. They made bombing a fine art. Few men could hold out in business against that sort of argument. A few who tried to hold out got something to remember.

When he was arrested he just smiled, did Larry, and called up from prison to a big lawyer. The big lawyer did his stuff, and Larry, looking innocent and surprised at the doubts about his integrity, always walked off without a conviction.

He was feeling pretty good that night of January 1st, 1933, in his night club. There were plenty of people in the place, and Larry was throwing a party. He had been telling some of his friends that his fleet of fast motor-boats were doing great business with rum between Nassau and Canada.

He wore one of his famous indigo shirts, pure silk, beautifully laundered, and one of his famous ties. He wanted to be recognised as a gentleman, for he was then contacting people in the high scales of society. He had entertained more than one "royal" person from Europe—small royalty, it is true, but still, royal sons of royal parents, mostly of the Balkans and Near East.

Larry was hoping to branch out in another direction. His scheme was to take over a chain of soft-goods stores, or maybe go in for the undertaking business. (They call them morticians in the U.S.A., and advertise till clients sob—and pay).

Life was good to Larry that night—and maybe so was

death. For into the Casa Blanca Club pushed a small worm of a man, or rather a youth, hat over his eyes, hands in his pockets, jaws chewing gum.

When Larry Fay saw this customer he rose from his chair at a table and moved forward, motioning to two of his bruisers to keep step. They hadn't much chance.

It was done so quickly that Larry hadn't a chance either. The little worm just edged so he was back to the revolving door. Out came his hand from his pocket, and it was one, two, three, four!

And there was Larry Fay lying on his carpeted floor with

## USELESS EUSTACE



"H'm! Looks as though that elephant in the hold has turned over in his sleep again!"

blood running freely down his indigo shirt and messing up his tie and his nice clothes.

The little worm wheeled and dived for the door, swung it round so fast that the bruisers who leaped for him got hit by the revolving panels and sprawled. But they were up again—only it was too late. The slayer had gone.

The police came, of course, but nobody knew who the killer was; or said they didn't. Larry Fay was carried to the morgue.

Did I say that the killer was unrecognised? It is a rule with all gangsters to no jobs themselves. Less than a week later a little worm of a man, or youth, was found doubled up in a street in Harlem, shot to bits, his hand still in his pocket, as if he had been shot in the act of drawing his gun.

He was identified as Smarty O'Neil, who had been one of Larry's own workers—fast at that—but had quarrelled with Larry over a matter of a few hundred dollars for running some thing or other. Nobody knew what. Anyway, Larry couldn't tell them.

Smarty's guns—he had two—were later dropped into the sea, with others, by the tugboat Macon.

**BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . . BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.**

Address :  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# SHE WAS HIS FIRST COMMAND

ONE of the victims of the Horn, she seemed to be, yet refused to be dragged down into the black maw that sought every ship which challenged the breath of the Horn. Floating, waterlogged, heavy with her own weight rising and sinking lifelessly, a living corpse she seemed.

"What do you make of her?" asked the skipper in a strange new tone. I shook my head as I peered at her bulk and watched the waves breaking over her side.

"It's the 'Mary,' he said—again, in that strange voice that had come to him in the last few days.

We got a boat out and pulled over to her. I went with the skipper.

Her decks were almost awash. We climbed aboard, he and I, by the bows, and slopped our way aft among the wreckage.

By the wheel stood a man—her skipper, the cousin of our skipper. His face was white and grim. His hands were playing with the useless steering-gear.

He welcomed us with a sad

smile; then the grimness returned; grim and white he was, a spectre of a man.

Tacked to the wheel in front of him was a photograph—the photograph of the girl who was waiting for him. Beside it was a calendar.

It showed that he was one hundred and forty days out.

In the waist, two frozen men lay stiff, killed by the cold.

"They stayed with me," he said in a hollow voice, nodding towards them. "The others went. I let them go. But the first and second mates stayed—and died."

I stood beside the two young skippers as they spoke in low tones.

Both were sea-weary. They spoke quiet and slow, forgetting their quarrel about the girl.

I heard our skipper appealing to him to come; but the lone man shook his head.

"She is my first ship," he said softly. "She is no derelict so long as a man is aboard—and she still floats—even if she has lost the race—I'll bring her in—sometime. This is my birthday—wish me luck, won't you?"

There was he, short of pro-

visions, short of everything, standing by the useless wheel, a lone man on a lone sea, caught by the breath of the Horn!

I listened as they talked, and I heard enough. He spoke slowly, looking at the photograph of the girl.

Our boat fought its way back, and we slung it aboard just in time. A minute later the Mary was hidden by a fog, and we were threshing due east, staggering under the breath of the Horn that made the brig jump from billow to billow.

"What's the course?" he asked softly.

"No'th—b'—EAST. Half-East—b'—No'th."

"Keep her so," he said, and turned away.

I held on until eight bells, then was relieved, and went below.

Maybe I had been in my bunk an hour when I was called quickly.

"Man overboard!"

I was on deck before echo of the blows on the hatch had died away.

The brig was hove flat aback, the watch were lowering away the quarter-boat.

The main hatch was off, lying on deck. Great seas were racing,

(Continued on Page 3)

## Part 3 of the Breath of the Horn

And I guessed then that it was the Mary that had passed us when rising gale. We thought it was the Dutchman of the southern seas.

I caught a word as we turned to leave him.

"I'll bring her in yet—sometime—I'll be in time to see you wed—maybe—but I need provisions—if you'd lend me some. I'll pay you back—"

I lost the end of it as I turned away.

We rowed back to the 'Susan.' What could we do with the 'Mary' when her skipper was still aboard and in command?

As we stood on our rolling deck the skipper turned to me:

"Was it right what he said? Was it right that she wanted him—I said I'd heard it was so; then I went back to the wheel and took it over."

I saw the skipper move forward, giving orders. The main hatch was taken off, and a big box was hoisted from the hold. We were short of provisions ourselves, but there were still the provisions among our cargo.

The men were working at the job when a gale sprang up—a Horn gale, sudden and fierce—but, in spite of it, a case was taken over to the lone man on the Mary and put aboard.

We ran onward, lashed by the rising gale.

Off Staten Island the first mate went—thrown from the main mast when helping to fix a strap and block.

"Man overboard, sir!" I said quietly, and the skipper nodded, looking astern.

"We can't help him," he muttered. "You're first mate now. Call the watch."

We turned into the eastern ocean and drove due north.

The sun came out and thawed our yards, then went away again. We plunged on, dripping with the breath of the Horn.

At seven bells the skipper came on deck. His face was white and drawn, and his hands were fumbling with his oilskin buttons.

We were leaving the Horn behind. The Atlantic lay ahead. In twenty hours we would be well away, standing for the Falklands.

"Who chose the case we sent to him?" he asked. "Did I?"

"You did, sir," I answered, wondering. "You picked it when the hatches were off. It was your present to him on his birthday."

He looked out across the cold, desolate sea; then up at the rig-gale, sudden and fierce—but, in gale, where the sails were straining and the blocks creaking, then back towards the Horn we were leaving behind.

## QUIZ for today

1. What name is given to a young pigeon before it can fly?
2. What three States in U.S.A. begin with the letter A?
3. How many European States were still monarchies in 1939?
4. What is the largest planet in the Solar System?
5. How often is a President of the U.S.A. elected?

6. Subtract MDCXLV from MCMXXXIV, and give the answer in Roman figures.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 767

1. Pigeon.
2. 11 feet 9 inches.
3. (a) 10s., (b) £5.
4. Proper name is "claspers," and they are used in mating. (Not weapons).
5. 41.
6. Samuel Isaacs is founder of a popular fish bar; others are writers.

## Patch Meets Topsy

THE difference between Patch and Bess is very soon felt by everyone at meal-times.

Bess—like the well-born lady she is—sits up sedately and properly alongside Shep, too well-mannered to poke her nose under any one's elbow.

But she graciously accepts—by a friendly twitch of her ears—any morsel flicked in her direction, skillfully catching it as it flies across.

Like her master, she makes no comment on the behaviour of the irresistible Patch. But there's a look in the eye of both that says much.

Tea was progressing nicely, without any undue incidents, when Topsy came stalking along the stook-rows.

Someone said, "See what's coming!" and Ted made a grab at his dog.

Too late! Over went someone's mug of tea, as Patch rushed in his usual senseless fashion to give chase.

He never will learn sense, or he would have learned by now that Topsy never runs to oblige a dog.

She just squatted low in the stubble, her ears flattened out like a tiger who was feeling a trifle "put out," and waited.

Patch was so certain she would run this time—but then he always is—that he laid himself down to stare Topsy out.

It was a failure, for whereas Topsy can sit for hours, to sit two minutes is the length of Patch's patience.

He got up and walked—sniffing—a little nearer, and Topsy's eyes followed his movements.

Ted whistled—and Patch turned his head—probably with the exalted notion of letting us know what a fine fellow he was.

Instantly, the air was filled with "yelpings" as Patch came running in with Topsy clinging to his rear for the first 20 yards.

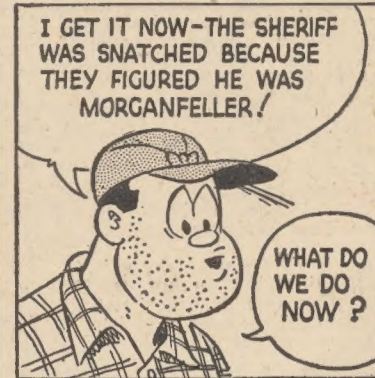
The cries were too much for Bess, sober and sedate as she appears. She bounded to meet the yelping terrier, and, getting him by the throat, shook him until he howled.

It was a subdued Patch that settled down—when order had been restored and Bess had been duly admonished for joining in the fray.

It is shameful to report, but there was a noticeable glint of satisfaction in the eyes of Bess and Shep—and as for Patch, why, he'll chase Topsy again tomorrow, for he just won't learn sense.

F. KITCHEN.

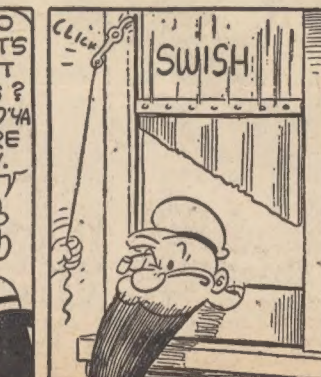
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 706

1. Behead the earth and get its shape.
2. Insert the same letter 7 times and make sense of: Gray-toldhergradsotomedhismaers.
3. What country in Africa can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: A sudden — of wind blew the smoke from the — across our bows.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 705

1. S-HAFT.
2. Police respect people's personal property.
3. MAINE.
4. Agrees, grease.

JANE

BREATH OF THE HORN

(Continued from Page 2)

gunwale high. The skipper was not on deck. I took command. It was slave's work sending that boat off, and we knew it was useless.

They searched among the billows for an hour, then pulled back, and we hoisted the boat up. I went aft. At the wheel there was only one hand, the carpenter. He looked at me as I gave him the course.

"Who was it?" I asked.

"The skipper, sir. He ordered us to open the hatch, and he looked in, then he walked aft, and a wave took him, sir. He was a good skipper, sir, but the Dutchman's curse was on him. Maybe if he hadn't hailed the ghost-ship—"

I knew what he meant.

I stayed on deck until daybreak. By the time I went below for breakfast the breath of the Horn had fallen astern, and we were away.

After breakfast I opened the log-book to write it up.

Inside the book, at the last skipper's entry, there was a short note, addressed to me, in the skipper's handwriting.

I read it slowly, maybe three times, then put it into my pocket. Then I began to write up the log.

By and by, fine weather came, and the light trades sent us along on an easy bowline.

We came to London Town and drew into dock.

That night I went up to a house where the girl was waiting the coming of the *Mary* and the *Susan*.

I told her a yarn—a yarn about the breath of the Horn; but it wasn't the true yarn I told her. She sat silent through it all, clasping her hands in her lap.

Then I came away.

Back in the dock they were unloading the cargo. I watched them slinging the cases over the side; and I drew the letter left me by the skipper from my pocket and tore it into little pieces and dropped them over the side.

I had carried out his orders, for he was my skipper when he wrote the note.

And now only I knew that he had deliberately walked overboard with the wave.

Maybe he was wrong to take it so badly.

Maybe I was wrong to tell the girl the story I told her.

But how could I tell her that the case he had sent aboard the waterlogged *Mary* down there off the Horn had been a mistake, picked at random and shipped in a hurry—a case of Mexican curios and Indian trinkets for a hungry, sea-weary man's birthday on a lonely ship drifting by the Horn?

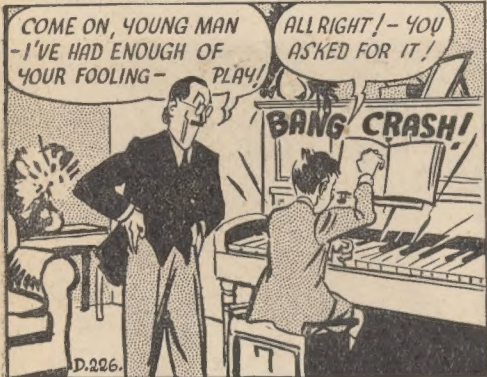
THE END.



"Cynthia—has your husband got a beard?"



RUGGLES



JUST JAKE



Living a Century

IT was recently announced that the Government has granted a sum of money for students in Ceylon to inquire into the strange powers of the hydrocotyle plant.

An old man who claims to be 250 years old attributes his longevity to this herb, which he believes to be the elixir of life, and a French chemist who has analysed its leaves finds in them a property that has a markedly energising effect on the brain.

The natives of Ceylon firmly believe that the long life and great strength of the elephant is due solely to the animal's marked fondness for the hydrocotyle plant as a food.

In their investigations to find the secret of longevity, scientists are following a hundred different trails.

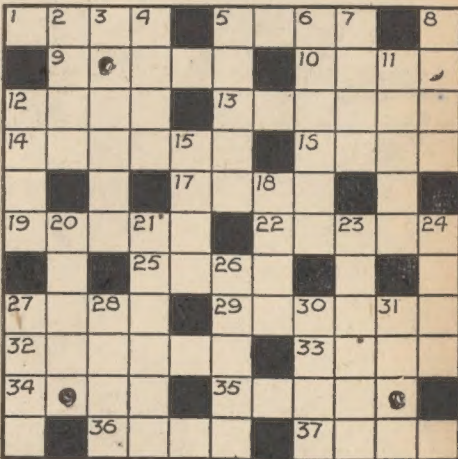
One has led Professor E. C. C. Baly, professor of Inorganic Chemistry at Liverpool, to study the existence of plants which absorb carbon dioxide from air and water and turn it into sugar in one process, and after ten years to repeat the plant process in the laboratory.

Another track has sent two other Liverpool researchers—Drs. Morton and Edisbury—to work upon the mysterious Vitamin E, never yet isolated.

P. Davis

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SHAM CAUSED  
LOGICAL LAW  
AVON BEFORE  
BEGIN CUP L  
R MUG MEAT  
JET TAPE V  
TOLD MADCAP  
N MABEL HIE  
GRAPE ATILT  
LIT VOTED T  
EBONY ENEMY



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Grates. 5 Engrave. 9 Deputy. 10 Backward. 12 Musical instrument. 13 Infringed. 14 Come up. 16 Precise. 17 Unoccupied. 19 Lead. 22 Less than. 25 Chief actor. 27 Girl's name. 29 Red. 32 Skilful. 33 Eager. 34 Approach. 35 Bid. 36 Equal. 37 Ash.

CLUES DOWN.—2 Mineral salt. 3 Boy's name. 4 Cicatrice. 5 Fixed firmly. 6 Split. 7 Fish. 8 Gainsay. 11 Concise. 12 Name. 15 Gilding. 18 Entice. 20 Ooze out. 21 On land. 23 Golf-club. 24 Water plant. 26 Performer. 27 Row. 28 Carriage. 30 Boat substitute. 31 Parent.



# Good Morning



**THIS ENGLAND.**—The reaping machine is out again in the fields of England. The ripe corn goes down before the circling blades, the sheaves fall behind to be picked up and stooked by the men following.



**SENORITA FROM MANHATTAN.**  
The gal with the ruffles is Olga San Juan—and her accent is more of Manhattan than of Madrid.



**JACK'S XMAS DINNER.**  
The sailor on leave from the Far East carries home a couple of ducks he bought in the market at Newton Abbot.



**BUGLER! WHAT ARE YOU BLOWING NOW?**  
Whatever it is, his charming audience doesn't seem to appreciate it.



**SENORITA FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.**  
This petticoated maiden with the flirting fan, who favours black to match her raven locks, intrigues us. We know it's warm from the deep shadows cast by the sun—and it's her method of casting clouts to keep cool that catches our eye. If she hears us, one of the clouts may catch our earhole.



**WEST END "SMITHY."**  
Right in the heart of London's theatreland is this blacksmith's shop. And the extraordinary thing about it is that the smith finds plenty of horses to shoe. At the moment, of course, he's mending a scooter for a couple of kids.